

Warm-up: Revise and Edit

Directions: Revise and edit the following selection using proofreader's marks. Be sure to give recommendations and correct errors.

Abby

She was a good mom. I had everything, but now? Nothing. I should've never did the things I did. Maybe I wouldn't be so alone. Waiting for her to come back, even though she won't. Who would? All that would be there is dust and a teenage girl, staring out the window with vacant eyes, replaying that horrific... Anyways, maybe I should tell you who I am; I'm Abby Mare and never forget it.

As soon as I took one step past the door, my mother immediately started to interrogate me. Here we go again. Annoyed and seething I reeled back my hand and thrust with all my power, my hand connecting with Mom's face.

Instantly, I felt like I ran a mile, panting, dizzy, and exhausted. Dragging myself to the elevator, I went to the fifth floor, my area of the house. Mom watched in shock, cradling her cheek with care, concern in her eyes. I stumbled onto my king sized bed, falling asleep before I even touched mattress.

Just five minutes later, I woke up. But something was off. I remember turning on the lights, but they were flickering, some even exploded. Avoiding the shards of glass on the plush carpet, I stepped out into the hallway.

"Mom?" I called out, "why did you turn off the lights?" Mom didn't respond. I guess I'll have to find her myself.

Why is the house so dark? Did stupid Mom forget to pay the light bill? Padding down the stairs, I saw Mom, sitting on the sofa. "Did you not hear me calling you? Are you deaf? Are you even paying attention to me?" I inquired.

I tapped her. Nothing. I shook her. Nothing. Suddenly she sprang up, screaming like a banshee, "It's all your fault! I risked everything for you yet you mistreat me!"

She then proceeded to walk towards the kitchen, grabbing her favorite knife. She turned towards me and whispered shakily, "It's all your fault Abby. I'm tired of being pushed around." I watched in shock as she counted down. Three... My heart was beating like a drum. Two... The knife inched its way to Mom's chest. One... I watched her slump to the ground, blood pouring from the wound in her chest. Breaking out of my trance, "Mom?" Silence. "Mommy?" Silence. "I'm sorry Mom! I wish I treated you better." I sobbed. Dizziness. I fell forwards, landing on Mom's cold body. My vision turned white. What's happening to me? Gasping, I woke up in my room, the house light again. I ran downstairs looking for Mom. I checked everywhere. Gone.